

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

VOLUME XVIII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1841.

NUMBER 5.



## Select Tales.

### THE MAID OF MARSEILLES.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE can Pauline be?" exclaimed the fair and beautiful Estelle, to her father, "Papa, what have you done with Pauline? I can't find her anywhere."

"Indeed! how's that?" asked Durvalle, of his daughter; then, turning to captain Bordier, he continued, "You would scarcely believe it captain, but Pauline has become my head man, in business.

"Oh! she is everybody's head man," reiterated Estelle, "we can do nothing without Pauline."

"I wonder that she should absent herself;—on such a morning as this, too,—I am the more surprised at it," observed Durvalle.

"Perhaps some accident has befallen her," said Estelle, "for I'm sure it is not her fault."

"She'll be here directly, I dare say," said Bordier. "Some little amusement has kept her. But may I be allowed to know something more about her? Her parents I believe are very poor, and without your kind assistance, I have heard—"

"It's very true"—interrupted Durvalle, "when I first knew them they could scarcely procure for themselves the common necessaries of life. I was interested with Pauline, and took her into my house to wait upon my daughter. She has now become her companion. Her attention and affection to her mother wound her closely round my heart; she could not be happy here while her mother was in a bower; so I gave her a cottage at the bottom of my garden; and there the old

woman lives—by herself, it is true, for her husband is at sea—but she is happy and appears contented. It is my intention, if possible, to provide for Pauline's future welfare, without injustice to my own children. My losses lately have been enormous; cheated out of large sums by two of my correspondents; robbed by that villain Volney, the clerk in whom I trusted; I have scarcely been able to meet the demands upon me; but I think I have now nearly weathered the storm. Heaven be praised, my credit is saved, and, I must admit, in a great measure owing to the diligence and exertion of Pauline. She has all the delicacy of woman, with the firmness and strength of mind of man. In a few months, without further loss, all will, I trust be well. But I was about to tell you of my intentions respecting her:—Out of all money I receive, I put by a certain sum for Pauline, in a small box, which I keep for the purpose, locked up there in my bureau; so, that, should I live long enough, I shall, I hope, have gained something considerable for her. I trust I am not ungrateful, Captain; but remember, this is a secret at present from all but yourself."

They were now checked by the entrance of Pauline and her mother Gertrude;—when Durvalle exclaimed, "well, Pauline; what have you to say for yourself? why were you not here this morning at the usual hour of business?"

"I had the good fortune," replied Pauline, "to do a service for one in distress—one—who had a right to my exertions—to my life, if necessary." They were now interrupted by Gertrude, who exclaimed, to Durvalle, "I beg pardon, sir; but I forgot to tell you that the carriage of the president Montesquieu was just driving up to the door as we came in."

"The President in Marseilles," exclaimed Durvalle, "that good man—the legislator of the human race, as he has been called—who has the blessings of all, rich and poor, and I not know it. Then I must prepare to receive him!"

CHAPTER II.

"Pauline, I feel that it is my duty to retract the promise I made you, of taking you with me to Tunis," said Bordier.

The word fell upon the ears of Pauline like a thunderbolt, at last recovering from her shock she enquired in an agitated tone. "How sir?"

"I made the promise foolishly," answered Bordier.—"The very act of your wishing to go in male attire is, in itself, to say the least of it unfeminine. No one—not even your mother—seems to have the least suspicion of your purpose; all here love—nay dote upon you; your wish to leave them appears to me the heights of ingratitude. What reason can supersede the duty you owe here. This is your place, by the side of your mother, where she is, there is your home, and protected by Mr. Durvalle, too, who has done so much for you;—and yet you would leave him—

no, no; it must not—cannot be. Perhaps another voyage I may take you."

"Another voyage?" echoed Pauline, and at the same time sinking upon a chair; "another voyage! and he must linger on in bondage."

"He!—who?—of whom do you speak," anxiously enquired Bordier, of the unhappy girl.

"Of my poor father," said Pauline. "If you have a heart, hear me—my father has been a slave these four long years. My father was a pilot, sir;—he is old, too old, we thought, to brave the dangers of the deep;—we had pressed him to give up his occupation, and come and live quietly with my mother in her cottage. He consented, after one more voyage. He went sir, and the vessel was captured off the Barbary coast, and taken into Tunis—and my poor father was sold to slavery!"

"But what has prevented you acquainting Mr. Durvalle with this?" asked Bordier, "He, no doubt, would have ransomed him."

"He would, sir, to his own injury," returned Pauline. "His losses have been heavy lately, and I could not bear to be the cause of adding to them. They ask a large sum for his ransom—eight hundred crowns. All our industry, all our savings, were of no avail. At length, I formed the desperate resolution of going myself to redeem him. I am young, you know, sir, and can work harder than my father;—but then, again, I had not sufficient money to pay my passage. What to do, I knew not. At length, I bethought me that there was money to be earned in a summer's evening on the river."

"On the river?" echoed Bordier.

"Yes," continued Pauline, "in the pleasure boats; disguised as a boy have I evening after evening, when my duty was done here, gone to the river, and earned a little money, by rowing about parties of pleasure. One Sunday, sir—now about three months back—I was sitting in my boat, very sad, for no one had employed me—it was getting late, and I was thinking of going home—when a stranger, a gentleman, wrapped in a large cloak, jumped into the boat, and desired me to put off. We had not gone far, when he observed my heaviness of heart, and questioned me. I don't know what possessed me—I think it was the kind and gentle tone of the stranger's voice—but he gained my confidence, and I told him why I pled my boat there. He listened to me with interest, and spoke some words of kindness and encouragement;—I think I hear them now. At length, he desired me to put him ashore. I obeyed, and was about to fasten my boat up for the night, when I saw something lying in the bottom of it; it was the stranger's purse. I darted after him, in the hope of returning it, but he was gone."

"Noble fellow!" exclaimed Bordier.

"I felt, from the stranger's manner," said Pauline, "that it was intended for me. My heart

leaped for joy, to find myself the possessor of a sufficient sum to pay my passage. I breathed no word of it to my mother;—it is the first secret I ever kept from her—my mind was made up; and steady, to my purpose, I waited anxiously for a vessel sailing for the Levant. At last, I heard that you were bound there;—I asked for a passage; you granted it."

"Yes—before I knew who or what you were," said Bordier.

Bordier, who was a true souled Frenchman, could refuse no longer the entreaties of Pauline; and consented to take her with him. Promising to set sail by day-break the next morning so that she could redeem her father from his captivity.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Ah! Pauline," said Philippe, "I don't like to see you take so much pains about Edward; he doesn't deserve it—I'm sure he doesn't deserve your love—that is, your kindness. You know more about things in general than I do—though I am a little older than you are; but there is one thing I do know, that's this—that Edward is no better than he should be; he deceives his father and he'll deceive you."

"Indeed, cousin," returned Pauline, "you are wrong. Edward, like many young men of his age is thoughtless, nothing more."

"Thoughtless enough," reiterated Philippe, "I can assure you—Now, Pauline, I'll lay a wager he was the cause of your absence this morning. He's no good, I tell you;—morning after morning do I meet him sneaking home, when poor Mr. Durvalle thinks he's in bed. I've a great mind to tell him."

"Oh, Philippe," exclaimed Pauline, "think of the misery you would inflict on Mr. Durvalle—for his father's sake do not tell any thing of him."

"Well then," returned Philippe, "for everybody's sake mind what you are about—you, the pattern for all the girls in Marselles. Ah, here comes Edward, so I shall go; and do Pauline, there's a dear, mind what I say to you."

"Oh, Pauline, what a state of anxious suspense I have been in all this morning. What said my father?" anxiously inquired Edward.

"He treated me with much indulgence," returned Pauline.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Edward, "and you, Pauline, how can I sufficiently thank you—how prove to you my gratitude?"

"By discontinuing your present mode of conduct," answered Pauline—"Sooner or later your father must know it; think, then, what will be his agony—what *your* remorse! You know the violence of his temper, when roused; desist, while yet you can with safety."

"Safety!—impossible!" cried Edward.

"Think, Edward, on the trouble you may bring on me," said Pauline, "the dependant on your father's bounty; he will be sure to suspect that I was aware of your proceedings—that I have screened and so encouraged you."

"Rather than that, Pauline," returned Edward, "I will avow my guilt—my dishonor!"

"Guilt! Dishonor!" exclaimed Pauline, "Unworthy associates may have led you into error, but not into crime! Confess all to your father—he will listen to your repentance. Edward hear

me, I entreat!—Begin by giving up all connection with that wretch, Volney."

"Ah, Pauline!" said Edward, "it was Volney who has made me what I am; he it was who first urged me to the gaming table—instilled into me the desire for play, and supplied me with the guilty means; it was he who, last night, conducted me to the house from which you this morning saw me taken out in custody. To break with him now is impossible. I am in his debt; he urges instant payment, in default of which he threatens to tell my father all. I had almost made an oath never to enter a gaming-house again, but the fear which overcame me at his threat induced me once again to try my fortune, in the hope of being able to satisfy his demands."

"Vain hope!" returned Pauline, "Are you not aware that the most of those men that you were with last night are his confederates?"

"It was that discovery which excited my anger," continued Edward, "and caused the disturbance which brought in the guard; and but for you, Pauline, my father must by this time have known all. But tell me, by what means did you effect my deliverance?"

"I rose this morning unusually early," said Pauline, "several vessels, being about to sail. I heard by chance that you had not been home all night. I threw on my bonnet, and wrapped myself in a large cloak, that no one might know me, and went out to seek you. I found you at length in custody. What to do I knew not, and was returning home in despair, fearing the worst, when the President Montesquieu's carriage passed me, just then entering Marselles. I knew his kind-heartedness and his friendship for your father, so dared to address him in your behalf."

"Then my father will know all!" exclaimed Edward.

"Be patient!" continued Pauline, "I told him the circumstances, but not the name—merely saying it was one of Mr. Durvalle's clerks; that your detention would inconvenience him, and ruin you. I entreated him to save you. Thus urged, he went to the guard-house, and succeeded in obtaining your release. He is one who would *reclaim* errors—not punish them. But something must be done about Volney. How long have you owed him this money?"

"About a month," returned Edward.

"A month?" echoed Pauline, "But the money you lost last night—where did you get that? You turn from me! you do not answer me! Where got you that money?"

"I cannot answer," said Edward—"But hush! here's some one coming."

"Meet me, then," continued Pauline, "at my mother's:—I must know all—I will know all—Edward Durvalle, remember! at my mother's this very day."

"I will be there," answered Edward.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Has our Cadiz correspondent acknowledged the receipt of eight hundred crowns on account of Mons. le President Montesquieu enquired Mr. Durvalle of Pauline.

"I will see, sir!" answered the girl, as she opened the account book.

"You will find my situation somewhat changed since you were here last," said Mr. Durvalle,

to the President; "then I was indeed a bankrupt, in heart and all. To you I owe all I possess at this moment. Men, for the most part preach one doctrine and practice another: but you, have done better; you not only preach virtue, but you set the bright example; thousands preach benevolence to the skies, but would not give a franc to save one from starvation."

Pauline who had now examined the account, said that the correspondent has received the fund: and is going immediately to execute the commission entrusted to him by the President.

"This is Pauline," said Mr. Durvalle as he introduced her to the President—"I have often mentioned her to you in my letters; her industry and perseverance have been invaluable to me. She is my head clerk; in short, I keep no other."

"No other," muttered the President to himself.

"My son," continued Mr. Durvalle, "is a good youth; but I am sorry to say he does not love business."

"He has, perhaps," said the President to Mr. Durvalle, "some false ideas upon the subject, which must be eradicated"—then turning to Edward, he continued, "You don't seem to understand the nature of traffic, or what a real merchant is; I will tell you:—the merchant is the benefactor of society; all that is good, useful, or necessary he procures for his fellow man—employs the artisan—puts bread into the mouths of the poor—and multiplies by his industry the riches of his country."

"How like the voice!" said Pauline to herself.

"His reputation," continued the President "is founded upon honor; his single name is a current coin in any country; he signs a bit of paper, and he is trusted to the amount of thousands."

"It must be the same!" again exclaimed Pauline.

"If nations quarrel," continued the President, "and are divided by war, what brings the dove with the olive branch back to their desolate plains? Commerce! The warrior sheathes his sword—the thunder of the cannon is hushed—and the merchant then becomes the supporter of his country."

"I am not mistaken!" said Pauline, "it is he!" then addressing the President, "forgive the interruption—but I must speak! My heart is overflowing with gratitude! Heaven be praised that I have at length found you!"

"What can you mean?" asked the President.

"Have you forgotten the poor boy who plied your boat upon the Rhine, one summer's night, about three months back, that you pitied and relieved? I was that boy," exclaimed Pauline, "Never shall I forget that blessed night, or the tone of that kind conciliating voice! My eyes could not see your features, but my heart treasured the sound. Had it been years hence, I should have known them.—You remember the night?"

"I do," returned the President, "and see your motive for disguise. I also have a strong recollection of voices—I have heard yours since that night. It is not in vain protestations that you can prove your gratitude, but in making a good use of the little I was able to do for you. I intended it for yourself and parent, not to encourage dissipation and profligacy. Beware of false friends and improper associates, and remember that there

are places where a young woman, however discreet, however pure her motives, ought not to be found."

"I shall sink into the earth with shame!" said Edward to himself.

"She told me this morning," said the President to himself, "when she applied to me, that the security was for a clerk of Mr. Durvalle; and yet he says he keeps no clerk but Pauline. There is some mystery here which I cannot fathom."

#### CHAPTER V.

"All my fears are about to be realized," said Edward to himself; "I must pay my debt to Volney, or my father will know all. He gives me but till to-morrow to satisfy his demands; and how am I to accomplish it. Must I break into my father's bureau to raise the sum? The very thought of it makes my blood drop through my veins like melting ice. But alas! what other means have I? This shall be the last time; and I trust ere long to replace the sum. Infamous Volney!—to what a wretch have you reduced me! What shall I do should he accuse me in spite of all? how justify myself?—how prove that he and he only, gave me the false key? but I have used it—I have become the accomplice of Volney. My father, as yet, knows nothing—nor will he. Must I rob him who gave me life, to satisfy the craving appetite of the villain Volney?—the laws of honor say that debts in gambling must be paid, even if others are not settled." The unfortunate youth, whose imagination was tortured by the demon, determined as a last resource to purloin from his father, a sum sufficient to pay the debts he had incurred at the gaming table; and for that purpose went into his father's bureau; but in his agitation and alarm left the key in the lock; just as Pauline was entering the counting house. The poor girl immediately saw it, and exclaimed, "the key in the bureau."

Then meditating upon her departure in the morning she continued, "How painful it is that I so soon must leave these dear friends—I sicken at the thought. Perhaps I see them for the last time on earth to-night—however I go to fulfil an imperative duty—to redeem a father from bondage. Poor Edward what will become of him when I am gone." She was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Durvalle, who exclaimed, "There is no faith in man. Pauline, I have just received bad news; La Motte & Co. of Toulon, have stopped payment. However one must expect such things these hard times; but coming just now, when I have heavy payments to make, and reckoning upon the large sums owing from that house, I must confess it distresses me greatly."

"But without that," said Pauline, "I trust you have funds enough to meet the bills which are now becoming due."

"I think I have," declared Mr. Durvalle; but I am not certain. I know not exactly what money I have. Last month I found a deficit—and I have been loth to ascertain the state of my accounts again—I can accuse no one; I never trust my key of the bureau to any one—not even to you."

"But do you never leave it in the lock?" asked Pauline, as she cautiously took the key out of the bureau door where Edward had left it.

"I may have been wrong;" said Durvalle; "some error of my own perhaps; but this month I have been more careful, and hope to find all correct."

"All is now explained," said Pauline to herself, "and Edward is guilty!—He must now be in the bureau; and how shall I manage for him to escape?" Durvalle had proceeded to the bureau and opened the door for the purpose of examining his accounts when Pauline rushed towards him exclaiming, "Hold! for mercy's sake!"

"What is the matter, Pauline?" asked Mr. Durvalle.

"Excuse me, sir;—but I—I—am sick—I faint," muttered the girl as she looked anxiously towards the bureau. "The thought of the misery that was coming on you, by this new loss, seemed to turn my blood."

"It is vexatious," said Durvalle, "but I hope to find sufficient in the bureau to meet present demands."

"But suppose you should be mistaken?" asked Pauline, who during this dialogue had so contrived to place Durvalle's back toward the door of the bureau, that Edward could escape. When she saw him coming cautiously out, and gain the stairway, she exclaimed, "thank Heaven!" and fell in the arms of Durvalle. (See Plate.)

#### CHAPTER VI.

After Edward's escape from the bureau, Pauline, as soon as she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, proceeded after him to learn what he had been doing there—she discovered that he had stolen a box, into which she had often seen Mr. Durvalle put sums of money. She demanded of him what amount of money he had taken from it:—He informed her that as there was not sufficient in it to satisfy Volney's demand against him, he had only taken twenty louis from it.

"Twenty louis!" repeated the girl,—"then there is a possibility—Captain Bordier said he would take nothing for my passage—it must be done. The money in this purse is mine; there is enough to replace the sum you have taken from that box—do so; Edward I insist; and to-night, for the last time you will go into your father's bureau, and return the box. You must then write to your father;—tell him of your connection with Volney—your losses—your debts in consequence—and assure him of your entire repentance. He will be angry,—but after a time he will look upon it as a folly of youth, and pardon you. Your secret is known only to Volney and myself; he will be silent for his own sake, and believe me, nothing on earth shall ever induce me to breathe it to any human being. You must leave Marseilles, to ensure no further meeting with Volney; and when you return, you will, I trust, be worthy of your father's love. Leave your father's house to-night—endeavor to be calm, and prepare for your departure. Leave the wretched Volney to a higher punishment."

After bidding adieu to Edward, Pauline made preparations for her departure with Captain Bordier to redeem her father; but while she was arranging her things she was interrupted by a noise, and shortly afterwards her father entered the cottage and rushed into his wife's arms, and Pauline fell at his feet. She had scarcely re-

covered from the joy at her father's return when Durvalle came to the cottage, and requesting to be left with Pauline, he exclaimed, in an agitated tone, "Pauline, a great misfortune has befallen me—one of the greatest: I have been betrayed—deceived! I told you that I feared all was not right in the bureau. I fancied I might have been mistaken—I wished to be convinced. I am—and that, within a very short time, the bureau has been entered by some one besides myself. It is not the mere loss that I regret—I can take measures to prevent a recurrence,—but to live in constant fear of being robbed is more than I can bear. I must find out the culprit; you can, I think, assist me."

"I assist you?" echoed the girl.

"Yes, you!" reiterated Durvalle, "I accuse no one—but from circumstances we may withdraw inferences, which often lead towards truth."

"They as often lead you wrong," said Pauline.

"Agreed," continued Durvalle, "otherwise I might name the guilty. Listen!—what ought I to think of one whom I have fondly loved and cherished—one, who I believed truly merited my love—who at the very moment when I discovered, or rather began to suspect my loss, is about to leave the house secretly?"

"What, sir! you suspect—" demanded Pauline.

"Unhappy girl? who ransomed your father?" asked Durvalle.

"I know not!" returned Pauline.

"You know not?" said Durvalle, "shame on you!—your leaving the house—your precautions—your absence this morning—how explain all these? When I told you of my new loss, I took the effect of your guilty conscience for grief on my account."

"Believe me," cried Pauline, "I am not guilty."

Francois hearing loud talking entered the room, exclaiming, "Forgive me, sir—but I heard my child's voice—you seem angry with her—what has she done?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Durvalle, "I will at least spare them the knowledge of it," continued he to himself.

"He fears to afflict my parents," said Pauline—"I will suffer death rather than criminate his son."

The box which Edward had taken from the bureau being found in the cottage by Durvalle, gave strong proof against Pauline. Poor Francois after having suffered in slavery returned only to witness his child's disgrace.

"Mother," said Pauline, "I am innocent,—I can prove it—but if I were to do so you would be the first to blame me. Urge me no further; some day, perhaps, you will know the truth." Then turning to her father, she exclaimed, "Father—"

"I am no longer your father," said Francois sternly. "Honor and honesty have ever been my companions—and I'll know no other."

#### CHAPTER VII.

"In the first moments of my anger, Pauline," said Mr. Durvalle, "I had determined to give you up to the utmost rigour of the law; but the grief of your parents—the intercession of Monsieur de Monterquien, together with a lingering feeling of kindness I have still for you, induced

me to be more lenient. Don't speak to me—I will hear nothing from you. You must go—you must quit this neighborhood—and I hope to hear some day of your return to honor and honesty."

"It must be so," reiterated the President, "you must leave Marseilles. Mr. Durvalle has kindly consented to be silent on this unfortunate subject; he will not send you forth destitute,—he gives you the gold that you would have robbed him of."

"Merciful father!" exclaimed Pauline.

"Here is a letter which is addressed to you," continued the President, "and was in the box taken from the bureau; take it, and treasure it—it will serve to remind you of the friendship and generosity of Mr. Durvalle, which you have lost for ever."

"Read it to her, sir," cried Francois, "let her be degraded before her benefactor—let her be made to feel what she has lost, by her dishonest conduct."

The President then read the letter: "I have at length found *one* in whom I can place implicit confidence. Pauline Le Blanc is that one, I love her as my own child, and will be a father to her. The sum of money in this box is for her; and if Heaven spares me, I trust it will become considerable;—but should I die before I have realized my hopes, I leave her to the care of my children. I request that my dear Estelle will be to her as an affectionate sister, for she is beloved by Edward."

"Mother!" exclaimed Pauline.

"Of this I am convinced," continued the President, "and rejoice at it, for I know no one more worthy of him."

"Now do you feel?" asked Francois.

"I do indeed—but I am innocent!" returned Pauline.

"Then name the guilty," said Francois. "Pauline, 'tis long since I have shed a tear, but this is agony to a father's heart."

"Is it possible that you can remain callous to such entreaties?" asked Durvalle, "Shame on you!—you may, perhaps, live to know what a parent feels. Death is preferable to the dishonor of a child."

Captain Bordier having heard of Pauline being charged with theft now came into the room, exclaiming, "come, Pauline, cheer up! cheer up! Who is it that accuses you? Is it Mr. Durvalle, who, by his own confession, owes to your exertions the re-establishment of his fortunes? or is it your father, for whom you would have sacrificed your own liberty to insure his?"

"A mere pretext to induce you to take her," said Durvalle. "She knew well enough the ransom had been paid before."

"Girl, girl! you make me the accomplice of your crime," said Francois.

"You are wrong," observed the President, "one who would commit so great a crime, would do nothing towards liberating a father; when a child dishonors its parents, it flies from them; and it never occurs that good actions arise out of guilt and depravity."

"'Tis thus a good man always thinks and speaks," said Bordier, then turning to Durvalle, "You do not seem to know by whom the ran-

som has been paid; I can tell you. The captain of the San Joseph, the vessel which brought Francois home, tells me he received the money from the house of Hurtado & Co. of Cadiz, with orders to effect the ransom."

"Hurtado of Cadiz?—And the sum?" asked Durvalle.

"Eight hundred crowns," answered Bordier.

"The very sum paid by us into that house on your account?" observed Durvalle to the President.

"It is—it must be!" exclaimed Pauline, "Oh, sir, for pity's sake explain away this mystery, which weighs me down! Condescend to tell Mr. Durvalle that the poor girl who now stands accused before him, was in the habit of going in her leisure hours to earn money, in the hope of getting, in time, a sufficient sum to redeem her father! tell him a stranger gave her a purse of gold—tell him that this same good, kind, generous stranger has paid her father's ransom—and tell him that stranger was the President Montesquieu!"

"Is it possible?" asked Gertrude and Francois.

"'Tis even so," answered the President, "I was interested for your daughter, and for her I did it. You know now what I would fain have concealed! circumstances have made it necessary to acknowledge it."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Edward could no longer bear the odium of the deed to rest on Pauline, confessed to his sister and the President, that he had committed the robbery. "Don't spare me," exclaimed Edward—"but save Pauline—she is innocent."

"What do I hear?" asked Francois. "Pauline declared innocent! Kind heaven! I thank thee! does Mr. Durvalle know it?"

"Not yet," said the President, as Francois was going to inform him of it, when he was prevented by Pauline who exclaimed, "Stay father! you will kill him. All my suffering will have been of no avail. Oh, Edward, this is unkind indeed!"

"He must be made acquainted with it;" observed the President, "I will myself prepare him for it." The President was scarcely done speaking ere Durvalle came into the room, and observed their altered countenances; at the same moment Francois and Gertrude, exclaimed "Our child is innocent!"

"Is it possible?" asked Durvalle.

"It is so," returned the President.

"If she is innocent—who is the guilty one?" demanded Durvalle.

"Name him not, for the love of heaven!" exclaimed Pauline, to the President.

"What is the meaning of all this mystery? You look on me with anguish? Pauline is declared innocent, and there she stands the very picture of despair. What am I to understand from this?" demanded Durvalle.

"You shall know another time," said the President.

"Ha! a horrid thought!"—exclaimed Durvalle,—"keep me no longer in suspense—relieve me from a doubt worse than death! Where is my son?" Edward was brought forward by the President.—The father being worked up to a pitch of frenzy at the sight of his guilty son—and

unable to control his feelings, continued, "Out of my sight!—parricide."

"Father?" cried the trembling youth.

"Silence!" said Durvalle, "let me not hear a name which now only serves to remind me that I have a worthless son!—Out of my sight, mean-spirited, degraded boy! You allow this poor devoted girl to have calumnies heaped upon her—to hear her accused of crimes which you have committed, and remain silent!" He was interrupted by Pauline, who exclaimed, "That was my fault—I would not let him speak. I would willingly have suffered for him, to save you from the agony of this moment."

"Blessings on you, my poor persecuted child!" returned Durvalle, "Come to my heart—my withered, broken heart!—you shall fill in it, for the short time I have to live, the place he once held." Then turning to the President, "How can I reward her?—How atone for all her sufferings?"

"Are you not willing to fulfil the promise made in this letter?" asked the President.

"All! all! and more!" answered Durvalle.

"One is—to give her to your son," said the President.

"Not that! not that!" exclaimed Durvalle, "that one alone I cannot keep. It were to punish, not reward her; when I wrote that, I deemed him worthy of her."

"He may still become so;" continued the President, "he is young—he is repentant. Forgive him—reclaim him! Believe me my friend, the erring are too often confirmed in crime by punishment. Forgive him, and forget all, but the disinterested love, the steady devotion, of Pauline Le Blanc!"

#### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

##### A SISTER'S LOVE.

"Yes, yes—a sound hath power to bid them come—Youth's half forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered home."

MRS. NORTON.

Is there aught on earth which can be associated with purity—which is uncontaminated by earth's pollution, it is a *Sister's love*. There is a sacredness interwoven with those two words, which overawes us; and we scarce dare breathe them. Sacred! did I say; ask those pure spirits who surround the throne of the ETERNAL, if the term is too strong, or the one who thus applies it, infatuated. Perchance amid that throng, are some who will answer, by sounding on their golden harps a melody of Heaven; and in tones of fond recollection, whisper in your ear "*a Sister's love*," taught me that strain. While on earth I wandered in darkness, pursuing the bubbles of pleasure, I knew not of this bright world, until a sister withdrew the veil that hid it from my view. "Twas her influence weaned me from earth, and taught me the way to Heaven."

A mother's influence is great. She has the power, almost invariably, of leading her child at will—of forming the character she chooses. But it is an influence which seldom effects the nature in years. "*Tis in the sunny hours of youth alone, when the heart is warm and tender, when a mother's look will melt it, and a mother's tear subdue it—when the whispering of a fault, in*

tones of regret, will send an arrow to the heart, and when all the sensibilities of our nature are susceptible of the gentlest impressions. It is then a mother's influence is powerful indeed. The cause of this influence is far inferior to that of a sister. The relation which a mother sustains—the affection nature has given her for her offspring, and the fact of her being almost continually with her children in their early years; all this would naturally lead one to suppose her influence was great. But a sister's influence! who can penetrate the mystery? who can reveal the cause? A mother's entreaties may fail to reclaim a wandering son. He will gaze upon her tearful eye, and listen unaffected to her pleading voice. She cannot penetrate his heart, but there are entrances known only to a sister, and how often does she silently enter there, luring the wandering one back to the paths of virtue. She can throw around the heart a barrier beyond which the rude storms of life can never come, and bind him in a spell he can never break. Go to yonder prison, enter its darkest dungeon and ask the criminal who is chained there, if he has a sister, and he will tell you the sound is unfamiliar, he knows not the name, he had no sister to guide his wayward feet. Go at midnight's silent hour to yonder cottage, from whose window gleams a tapers dim rays; enter it gently, for DEATH will soon be there. By the sick bed you will see an angel-form bending o'er a dying brother. The tear of affection is trickling down her once rosy cheeks, which have now become pallid by night watching—see her wife from his brow the cold damp of death and whisper in his ear a Saviour's love, and tell of the joys of Heaven. See how intently she watches every motion, and her unwearyingness to sooth his anguish. And when the spirit has taken its flight, with what fondness she takes a last look, and imprints the last kiss upon his cold brow. Is she heart-broken? Oh no! she feels the loss, but does not deplore him; follow her to her closet, listen at the door, and you will hear her breathe forth a prayer of thankfulness that her brother is done with the toils of this cold world, and has entered into the joys of Heaven.

Is there a boon I would crave above all others, it would be, that a sister might sooth my last hours, that I might see her angelic countenance and listen to her sweet voice, as I enter the dark valley and shadow of death. Methinks death would then be "robbed of its sting, and the grave of its victory." How soothing would be the tones of "Brother we will meet in heaven."

Would it not be sweet to die thus? Oh tell me not of the cold damp grave, and the grim monster death, since it is the gateway to heaven, to eternal blessedness, and angels in human forms, can sooth the spirit ere it takes its exit.

*Saratoga Co. August 2, 1841.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### JOHN BARRY.

The father of the Commodore, was a respectable farmer in Wexford county, Ireland, where his son, the subject of this memoir, was born in the year 1743. After having received the first elements of an English education, to gratify his

particular inclination for the sea, his father entered him in the merchant service. When about fifteen years old, he arrived in Pennsylvania, and selected it as the country of his future residence.

In reviewing the causes, which led to hostilities between Great Britain and her colonies, Barry was satisfied that justice was on the side of the latter. He therefore engaged under the banners of freedom, and resolved to devote his best exertions to the emancipation of the colonies from the thralldom of the mother country.

Confiding in his patriotism, Congress, in February, 1776, a few months prior to the declaration of Independence, appointed him commander of the brig Lexington, of sixteen guns, and his was the first *continental* vessel, which sailed from Philadelphia. His cruises were successful. Congress had caused to be built three large frigates, one of which was called the *Effingham*, to the command of which he was appointed, immediately after that memorable era, which gave to the United States a name among the nations of the world. During the following winter, as his naval employment became nugatory, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, he, from an aversion to inactivity, became a volunteer aid in that season of peril, to the intrepid General Cadwallader.

Philadelphia and the forts on the Delaware fell into the hands of the British, in the following year, 1777, and Commodore Barry with several vessels of war, made good his retreat up the river, as far as Whitehill, where, however, they were afterwards destroyed by the enemy.

Prior to the destruction of these vessels, he successfully employed those under his command in annoying the enemy and cutting off their supplies.

After the destruction of the American squadron, and soon after the capture of Philadelphia, he was appointed to command the Raleigh, of thirty-two guns, which, on a cruise, was run on shore by a British squadron on Fox Island, in Penobscot bay.

Subsequent to the above disasters, he commanded a vessel commissioned with letters of marque and reprisal, and engaged in the West India trade for some time.

When Congress concluded to build a seventy-four gun ship in New-Hampshire, he was ordered to command her. It was, however, afterwards determined to make a present of this vessel to his most Christian Majesty, when that august body gave him the command of the Alliance frigate.

The situation of American affairs becoming important, in a foreign point of view, Colonel John Laurens, of South Carolina, son of Henry Laurens, then a prisoner in the tower of London, was ordered to France on a special mission.—Commodore Barry sailed in the Alliance from Boston for L'Orient in February, 1781, having the minister extraordinary and suite on board. After landing the ambassador and suite at L'Orient, in the early part of the same year, the Alliance sailed on a cruise.

On the 29th of May following, at day-light, Commodore Barry discovered a ship and a brig on his weather bow, appearing afterwards to wear the British flag. He consequently prepar-

ed for immediate action. The British ship proved to be the Atalanta, Captain Edwards, of between twenty and thirty guns, and the brig Treposa, Captain Smith. An action shortly commenced, and at three P. M. both vessels struck. Barry was wounded early in the engagement; but notwithstanding his sufferings, in consequence of this casualty, he still remained on deck, and it was owing to his intrepidity and presence of mind, that the Alliance was the victor.

On December 25th, 1781, he sailed in the Alliance for France, from Boston, having on board the Marquis de la Fayette and Count De Noailles, who were desirous of going to their native country on business of the highest importance. He had scarcely arrived at his destined port L'Orient, when he sailed in February, 1782, on a cruise, during which he fell in with an enemy's ship of equal size, and had a severe engagement. The enemy would have been captured, but for two consorts, which, however, were kept at a distance during the action by a French fifty gun ship, which hove in sight. The continental ship, Luzerne, of twenty guns, had her guns thrown overboard before the battle began, in order to facilitate her escape, as she had a quantity of specie on board from Havana, for the use of the United States. The captain of the British frigate, who was soon after advanced to be Vice-Admiral of the red, acknowledged, that he had never received a more severe flagellation than on this occasion, although it seemed to have had the appearance of a drawn battle.

During the time that General Lord Howe was the British Commander-in-chief, he attempted to alienate the Commodore from the cause which he had so ardently espoused, by an offer of twenty thousand guineas, and the command of the best frigate in the British navy; but he rejected the offer with scorn. The return of peace, however, in the year 1783, put an end to all such dishonorable propositions, and our Commodore returned to private life.

In 1797, it was deemed proper by the American government to annul the consular convention with France, the pretext for which was French aggression on American commerce. During the maritime disturbance thus created between the two countries, Mr. Barry was actively engaged in protecting the commerce of his adopted country, and was held in the highest estimation by his nautical brethren. When this dispute was at last satisfactorily adjusted, a law was passed, during the last year of Mr. Adams' administration, for reducing the navy, in consequence of which the vessel he commanded was laid up in ordinary, and he once more returned to private life.

Bold, brave, and enterprising, he was at the same time, humane and generous. He was a good citizen, and greatly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His person was above the ordinary size, graceful and commanding, his deportment dignified, and his countenance expressive.

He died in Philadelphia, on the 30th of September, 1803, and a vast concourse of his fellow citizens testified their respect to his memory, by attending his remains to the silent grave.

## MISCELLANY.

## ADVANTAGES OF POLITENESS.

An Englishman making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travelers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed—and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company—there was a murmur of applause—and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity "which never faileth." On the regiment being dismissed, the captain who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin he was invited everywhere; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society as well as for the charms it possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid.

## LOVE AND GOOSE-BERRIES.

## A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

We had a cousin—heigho, she's the "anxious mother" of half a dozen little cousins, now—well, she was of form and feature as far above the concentrated charms of all the heroines of all the novels that ever were or will be written, as Amanda Malvina Fitz-Allen was superior to Mrs. Jerry Sneak. Her voice, it was like the wild warblings of an Aeolian harp as it lulls the Zephyrs to their slumbers—her eyes, look not upon the stars, you can't match them there; and the cunning little gipsy had such a way of half closing the brilliant orbs, veiling their dangerous beams, and then with a sudden start, flashing their death-dealing rays upon you, that your very heart incontinently felt the process of combustion—her brow shaded by her auburn hair,

was like a hand's breadth of white cloud mid the rich lustre of a southern sunset—her hands were fitted for nothing but to sweep the harp's mellow chords, and to be kissed by a lover—and her feet—oh how we adore a pretty foot—Titania, Queen of the Faires, would have given her most beautiful nut-shell chariot, just to have seen that perfect *feature*, we must call it.

Well, we were in a dreadful condition about that cousin—sometimes we'd call her "cousin," it was so delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature, and then we wouldn't call her cousin, for we laid a sort of a trap, that if she asked, as we hoped she would, why we used not that cousinly title—we had a very pretty speech made up to intimate that we desired when manhood came to call her by a dearer name.

But the provoking little minx never seemed to notice whether we *cousined* her or not!

She was older than we—and her name was Elegantina!

One day, walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unbroken tale of affection, which surcharged the heart.—We were in a beautiful walk fringed with gooseberry bushes, when after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee in burning words we poured forth the story of our eternal love.

Elegantina calmly listened—we thought that we perceived a kind tear dimming her radiant eye—we rose, and stretched out our arms, expecting, of course, that she would sink upon our breast, and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocated attachment. Reader, she did no such thing.

She serenely turned, and pulling a handful of green gooseberries, gravely asked.

"Cousin John, what are these?"

"Gooseberries, my darling Elegantina!" answered cousin John.

"Eat them," she replied, "goose-berries must be good for your complaint!"—*Natchez Courier.*

## ALEXANDER AND THE AFRICANS.

ALEXANDER, the conqueror of the world, in one of his expeditions came into Macedonia, situated in an obscure corner of Africa.—The inhabitants dwelled in humble cottages, and were neither versed in the arts of war, nor yet subject to a conqueror. On the arrival of Alexander, he was conducted to the dwelling of their chief, who placed before him, dates, figs, and apples of gold.

"Do they eat gold here," said Alexander.

"You being able as I suppose," replied the chief, "to obtain provisions, in your own country, for what except this have you come hither?"

"It is not for your gold that I have come," replied Alexander, "but to become better acquainted with the customs of your people."

"Since this is the case then," added the chief, "tarry here as long as thou wilt."

During this colloquy, two citizens came, for judgement. The plaintiff said, "I purchased of this man a piece of land, and turning up the soil, I discovered a valuable treasure. This is not mine, for I only bought the field, and have no title to the treasure contained therein; yet this man refuses to receive it again."

Then the other replied, "I am as conscienti-

ous as my neighbor. I sold him the field with all that was therein concealed. Therefore the treasure is his own."

The judge then repeated their words, that he might be sure he understood the meaning of each correctly, and after little reflection thus spoke:

"You," said he addressing the first, "have a son—have you not?"

"I have," replied he.

"And you," said he to the other, "a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well then, the son shall marry the daughter and the treasure shall be their marriage portion."

"Alexander seemed perplexed. "Is my sentence unjust," inquired the chief.

"By no means," said Alexander, "but to me the decision seems strange and peculiar."

"How then would the affair have been decided in your country?"

"To speak truly," said Alexander, "we should have detained the two men in prison, and have taken possession for the king."

"For the king!" said the other in astonishment. "Does the sun shine in that land?"

"Surely."

"And does it rain there?"

"Yes."

"Are there flocks, and herds there?"

"Very many."

"It is well then that the Great Being who rules over all things, should permit the rain to fall upon that land, and the sun to shine there for the sake of these innocent beasts, but you do not deserve it.—*Amaranth.*

## OH! HE DOES NOT WANT IT.

But he *does* want it. And even if he did not, your own engagement has nothing to do with his private circumstances.

Such is the self-excusing of many a careless creditor, and such the proper answer.

It is to be lamented that there is no charge to which many, who may be good men, are more subjected than the want of punctuality in the payment of little debts. And there is no plea by which conscience is more readily satisfied, than that of the declaration that the creditor does not need the amount. The same thing applies to a hundred little borrowings.

*A book is lent;* it is detained until the lender is unable to recollect the name of the borrower; but then "he does not want it, he has many others, or he has read it already." But he does want it. If he has others, it is no reason why he should lose this. If he has read it, it is no reason why he may not lend it to others as well as to yourself.

*A small subscription is due.* "The society does not want it; the sum is so small that it can make no difference." But the society does want it. If every member did as you do, there would be no funds in the hands of the Treasurer; and your neglect is dissolving the society as far as your own item of influence goes. That influence goes thus far to discourage schemes of benevolence, and to destroy public confidence.—You inspired a hope which you crushed again.

*An editor's payment is due;* "He does not want it." But he does want it. And this very

plea of yours gives him more trouble than all others put together.

Of a truth there are few excuses for neglect more frequently given to the reminders of conscience, than this expression. It sets aside with the veriest sophistry, the spirit and essence of moral obligation.—*Charleston Observer.*

#### A LOCK OF HAIR.

Few things in this weary world are so delightful as keepsakes. Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my eye, lose their tender, their powerful charms! How slight, how small, how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved one from oblivion; worn on the finger, or close to the heart, especially if they be dead. No thought is so insupportable as that of entire, total blank forgetfulness, when the creature that once laughed, and sung, and wept with us close to our side, in our arms, is as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses, had never been. She and them all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust.

Of all keepsakes, memorials, reliques—most dearly, most devotedly, do I love a little lock of hair; and oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining! All else gone to nothing save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragments of the apparaling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow.

Aye, a lock of hair is far better than any picture—it is part of the beloved object herself; it belongs to the tresses that often, long ago, may have been dishevelled, like a shower of sunbeams, over your beating breast. But now solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so resplendent; the longer you gaze on it, the more and more it seems to say, almost upbraidingly, "weepst thou no more for me?" and, indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affections in which all nature seemed to rejoice, bears witness, that the object to which we yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many long weary days, months, years; that she was forgotten, during one hour of absence, that came like a passing cloud between us and the sunshine of our living her loving smiles.

#### A DARK BRIDAL.

GLOOM was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and bridegroom, and they (the pair awaiting to be blessed!) bent down their heads like criminals before him. In vain might the eye wander around that assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance, all was dreary, black, and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony were alike shrouded in one dark overshadowing pall of rayless gloom. Ah, joyful ever should be the linking of young hearts together, and heavy must be the fate awaiting those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering even at that threshold which should blaze in all the gorgeous colorings of hope and promise! Yet the same sombre shade—the same gloomy hue—the same depth of darkness

was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lily, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion and warm hope, was seen in that bride's cheek; but one unvarying shade of funeral gloom possessed the maid, possessed the groom, possessed the preacher, in fact, they were all possessed Reader, *dey were darkies.*—*Pic.*

#### GRATITUDE.

A PARSON, well known in his neighborhood as a man of great oddity, humor and extravagance, once wanting a wig—his old one defying all further assistance of art—applied to a barber young in the business, to make one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honor of his new customer's company at his meal, to which the parson readily consented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the happy guest with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and begun to handle his measure, when his guest desired him to stop, for he could not make his wig.

"Why not," exclaimed the honest host, "have I done any thing to offend you?"

"Not in the least," replied the guest, "I find you a very honest, good natured fellow, so I will take somebody else in. Had you made it, you would never have been paid for it."

#### YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

As the succession of the seasons each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course, so in human life every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth generally brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes off itself without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its original course, disorder takes place in the moral just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in the summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than *rextion of spirit.*

#### LAUGHTER.

PHYSIOLOGIST and physicians have demonstrated that laughter, in proper quantities, improves digestion, facilitates circulation, and regulates the function of the whole system. In this way, it promotes health, cheerfulness, and vivacity inspires benevolence, and all the kindly feelings of the heart. It is itself a pleasure, it adds to that of others by sympathy and drives away the wrinkles of care, and the sullen frown of habitual moroseness. Shakespeare, who seemed to know all sciences by intuition, in his *Julius Caesar*, makes the great captain distrust of Cassius, who never laughed.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money for the purpose of circulation.

#### USEFUL RECIPES.

DIARRHEA OR SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Two tea spoonfuls of salt, dissolved in half a gill of vinegar, and swallowed at a draught, will in most cases effect an instant cure.

SORE THROAT.—Mix a penny worth of pounded camphor with a wine glass full of brandy, pour a small quantity on a lump of sugar, and allow it to dissolve in the mouth every hour. The third or the fourth generally enables the patient to swallow with ease.

WARTS.—Make a strong solution with corrosive sublimate, wet the wart three or four times a day—this remedy never fails of curing.

TOOTH-ACHE.—If the tooth be hollow, take gum opium, gum camphor, and spirits turpentine, equal parts, rub them in a mortar to a paste, dip lint in the paste and put it in the hollow of the tooth every time after eating. Make use of this three or four days and it will entirely cure the tooth from ever aching.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

D. S. C. Middlebury, Vt. \$5.00; O. M. Waterford, Ct. \$1.00; A. H. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; W. I. Monroe, N. J. \$1.00; C. H. Homer, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Whitehall, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. T. Great Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; S. O. V. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. J. Brandon, Vt. \$1.00; J. C. Guilford, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. Lawrenceville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. E. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Greensborough, Vt. \$2.00; A. S. R. Waterbury, Vt. \$1.37; O. R. B. Stearnsville, Ms. \$3.00; J. C. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Ohio, N. Y. \$2.00; W. A. Hume, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Wilkesbarre, Pa. \$4.00; P. M. Bradford, Ct. \$7.00; L. J. Whitney's Point, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. C. Magnolia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Shelly, N. Y. \$2.00; B. P. Springfield Ill. \$1.00; D. C. V. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. W. St. Louis, Mo. \$2.00; W. R. Thompsonville, Ct. \$1.00; J. S. Rocky Springs, Miss. \$4.00; C. L. Proctorsville, Vt. \$1.00; S. P. North Dartmouth, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Mount Vernon Village, Me. \$3.00; E. C. Millport, N. Y. \$1.00; F. E. M. Willsborough, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. Lamoilleville, Vt. \$5.00; L. E. N. Hartsville, Ms. \$2.00; H. B. O. Fall River, Ms. \$1.00; I. F. Weymouth, O. \$1.00; A. L. D. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; I. C. H. Bradford, Vt. \$3.00; R. H. New Hampton, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Oxford, Ct. \$5.00; J. A. P. Plymouth Vt. \$1.00; S. S. Smithboro, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. Canastota, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cardin, N. Y. \$5.00; C. S. H. Canfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stamford, N. Y. \$5.00; R. B. S. White Plains, N. Y. \$0.75; C. P. T. Burdette, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Colerain, Ms. \$5.00; J. S. Cheshire, Ms. \$1.00; W. R. Danville, Vt. \$2.00; J. P. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. R. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; J. St. J. Schuylerville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. E. Weedsport, N. Y. \$1.00; R. M. G. Port Henry, N. Y. \$1.00; N. B. Montgomery, Vt. \$1.00; H. E. Hillsborough Bridge, N. H. \$1.00; C. B. C. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$3.00; L. S. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; B. C. H. Derby, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Hanover Centre, N. H. \$5.00; J. H. N. Albany N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Burn Hills, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$2.00; J. G. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. R. Richmondville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Barton, N. Y. \$5.00; E. G. L. East Lyman, N. H. \$1.00; R. D. C. Grahamsville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. H. St. Johnsbury, Vt. \$1.00; J. M'K. Greenport, N. Y. \$5.00; J. G. G. Claverack, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. McConnellsburg, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Plainfield, N. H. \$2.00; H. S. H. Malone, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. Mellenville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. V. Lee, Ms. \$2.00; J. F. B. Great Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Denman, N. Y. \$1.68.

#### MARRIED.

At Schenectady, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. I. T. Bachus, Mr. Stephen L. Magoun, Esq. of this city, to Miss Mary A. Pearson, of Schenectady.

At Lee, Mass. on the 23d of June last, by the Rev. Wm. B. Bond, Mr. Henry P. Cone, of West Stockbridge, to Miss Sarah Dixon, adopted daughter of Mr. John B. Vedder, of the former place.

On Tuesday, the 20th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Rev. Thomas Lape, of Athens, Greene Co. to Miss Caroline Rossman, of Claverack.

On Saturday, the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. James Yorker, of Ghent, to Miss Sally Ann Traver, of Copake.

At Keene, N. H. on the 24th ult. John Van Vleck, Esq. of Catskill, to Miss Lucretia L. Haigood, of the former place.

#### DECEASED.

In this city, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Gamage, aged 73 years, widow of the late Samuel Gamage.

She was a native of Long Island, and for about fifty years a highly respected inhabitant of this city. She was much beloved as a devoted mother, as a kind and ingenuous friend, and for her amiability and strength of mind. Her loss is deeply lamented by her several surviving children and grand children: and a large circle of relatives and friends. She lived and died confiding in the merits of her Redeemer.—*Com.*

On the 9th inst. George M. son of Timothy and Sarah C. Crandell, aged 8 months and 18 days.

On the 31st ult. Mr. Henry F. Prime, aged 30 years.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Welenpey Matcher, in her 78th year. In Chatham, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Eliza, wife of John H. Shufelt, and daughter of David Crasper, in the 22d year of her age.

In Kinderhook, on the 27th ult. Margaret, daughter of Simon P. and Maria Hawes, in the 21st year of her age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## SUMMER IS HERE.

Summer is here!

Yes! 'tis a truth I feel with pleasure's thrill,  
And, like the mellow gush of yonder rill,  
My heart leaps on in gladness;  
A newer life is rushing thro' my veins,  
Breathed from the flow'ry verdure of the plain,  
Refreshing all its sadness;—

Summer is here.

Summer is here—

See how those pines are waving in the air,  
Shaking their deep green tresses, as they share  
Its coy and loved embrace;  
And dallying with them, as it floats along,  
Pouring, erewhile, a low and plaintive song,  
It breathes o'er Nature's face;

Summer is here.

Summer is here—

That pretty bird, who flaps his glossy wings—  
Soars in the heavens, and, while soaring, sings,  
Hath not a note of woe;  
There is no sorrow in that joyous strain—  
No wail, that seeks a rayless life of pain  
That makes him carol so;—

Summer is here.

Summer is here:

This merry brook, that runs with such a glee  
O'er pebbly beds, with babbling melody,  
Leaps onward free and fast;  
And, laving many a bank of pendant flowers,  
Where lovers sit to pass the fleeting hours,  
Lost in the sea at last.

Summer is here.

Summer is here—

At early morn, when all the orient sky  
Is hung with curtains of a crimson dye,  
What glories do I see!—  
And then, at dewy eve, when ev'ry star  
Shines brightly in yon dome of blue afar,  
How fond they smile on me!—

Summer is here.

Summer is here:

And, while I gaze upon those woody hills  
Towering in majesty, my bosom fills  
With love, and hope—to know  
That He who made the world, hath spread this scene—  
Thus gorgeous landscape, clothed in Summer's green,  
For all who dwell below!

Summer is here.

J.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE MISSIONARY.

'TWAS evening when I laid me down to sleep.  
The soft and balmy veil of night's repose  
Came mantling o'er my brow, when soon I dreamed.  
Before my visage stood a youthful form  
In meditation, asking what to do.  
A spirit to his list'ning ear replied;  
"Search the scriptures, ponder well the truth of God."  
The youth obeyed and to his bible went,  
And read, and prayed, and meditated much,  
Till from the sacred fountain's crystal stream  
He drew the waters of eternal life.  
Again he walked in lonely solitude,

Where meditation leads to serious thought;  
When angels from the upper world came down  
And bid him listen to the spirit's call—  
A "still, small voice," (from whence he could not tell)  
Seemed whispering to his anxious mind these words:—  
"Go preach my gospel to the sons of men,  
Proclaim to all the glad intelligence  
That Heaven has been propitious, and the way  
Of life made known to fallen, helpless man."  
Trembling he stood and knew not what to do.  
Should he advance, he feared to meet the foe;  
Should he recant, a woe more dreadful than  
A thousand thunders in reserve was held  
For those who disobeyed the call of God.  
But as he listened, far from heathen shores  
Remote, a cry for heavenly wisdom came;  
A cry for mercy, truth, and life eternal.  
Could he withstand a call like this? ah no!  
"I'll go," he cried, and armed with heavenly grace,  
Midst tears, and sighs, and oft repeated prayers,  
He left his native land, his friends, his all,  
And far away in heathen climes repaired,  
Bearing the standard of Messiah's Cross.  
There to a guilty world he preached salvation,  
And with the gospel trumpet uttered forth  
The cry, "Behold, behold the Lamb of God!  
Repent ye nations, turn to God and live."  
Sometimes he travelled down the lonely vale,  
Again he climed the clifted mountain's side,  
Then wandered through the desert's trackless gloom  
To teach a heathen world the way to heaven,  
And spread the tidings of a Saviour's love.  
For many long and tedious years he toiled,  
And braves the dangers of a torrid clime,  
Till worn with care and wasted with disease,  
Beneath the broad bannana's waving boughs  
He sunk, then wept, then prayed—then died.  
But with him did his labors die? ah no!  
The dews of heaven descended on the soil,  
While tear drops moistened well the precious word,  
And where he sowed the gospel seed, there sprung  
The fruits of holiness, of peace and love.  
These were the trophies of his ardent toil,  
The blest rewards of missionary zeal,  
Which only budding faintly there on earth  
Will bloom and ripen in th' eternal world.

Cazenovia, August, 1841. B. M. G.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE LADY AND THE MINSTREL.

## A Song dedicated to Metzandrea.

MINSTREL.

HASTE thee, Lady, come away!  
The birds are wooing thee;  
Let us roam the hills to-day  
From care and sadness free.

LADY.

Minstrel! yes I'll follow thee  
Over the hills away;  
And as we wander joyously  
We'll sing this gentle lay—

Duetto.

The sky is fair and birds rejoice  
In every balmy grove,  
And each sweet tone of Nature's voice  
Breathes Peace, and Mirth, and Love.

MINSTREL.

To the mountain's top we'll bound  
Whose brow the clouds do kiss;  
And make those rocky heights resound  
With our gay notes of bliss.

LADY.

The crystal waters we will quaff  
From out some sparkling spring,

And while at moping care we laugh,  
We'll gayly dance and sing—

Duetto.

The birds from hill and vale rejoice,  
And beauty decks the earth;  
While many a zephyr lifts its voice  
To sing of Love and Mirth.

MINSTREL.

Along the pebbly beach we'll roam  
To gaze upon the sea,  
And with the whispers of its foam  
Murmur our strains of glee.

LADY.

Where e'er we wander—hill or vale  
Or mead, or beach along;  
Sweetly we'll pour on every gale  
Our light responsive song—

Duetto.

The birds, the streams, the winds rejoice,  
Music it cannot cease,  
E'en silence' self with tuneful voice  
Doth sing of Love and Peace.

MINSTREL.

While yet the golden planet gleams  
Along the western sky,  
Still guided, Lady, by his beams  
Back to our homes we'll hie.

LADY.

And as the lips of parting day  
The distant mountains kiss,  
Once more we'll raise in swelling lay  
Our grateful thoughts of bliss—

Duetto.

And with the birds, and countless throngs  
That dwell in plain or grove,  
To heaven we'll breathe our vesper songs,  
Our hymns of praise and love.

Leeds Manor, August, 1841.

H. M. D.

## Cheap Reading!!!

We have on hand some Volumes of the Rural Repository, of the First Series, of a smaller size, which we will dispose of, unbound, as follows, viz.: the 3d, 5th, 6th, 8th, and 9th volumes for \$3.00. We also have a few of the 4th and 7th volumes, and those who will take the whole seven can have them for \$1.50; the 4th and 7th volumes will not be sold separately at less than \$1.00 each. All the volumes are unconnected, and all but the 3d and 4th have copper, lithographic or wood engravings in them, and contain matter as interesting as those of the present size.

The New Series, of the present size, we will dispose of, unbound, as follows, viz.: the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, and 17th volumes for \$4.00. We also have a few of the 10th, 14th, and 15th volumes, and those wishing to obtain the whole eight can have them at \$1.00 each, as we have not any of them to sell separately. Those wishing only the 11th, 12th, and 13th volumes, can have them for \$2.00. The 16th and 17th volumes will not be sold separately at less than \$1.00 each, but will be put in with the next or 18th volume, if requested, at the rates stated in the prospectus of that volume.

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. &c. It will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, embellished with numerous Engravings, and will contain twenty six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—**One Dollar** per annum, INvariably IN ADVANCE. Persons remitting us **Five Dollars**, free of postage, shall receive SIX Copies, and those remitting us **Ten Dollars**, free of postage, shall receive THIRTEEN Copies, or TWELVE Copies of this volume and one copy of either the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th or 17th volumes. THIRTY Copies mailed to one address for **Twenty Dollars**, sent to us in one remittance, free of postage.

32<sup>o</sup> No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year, until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered. All Communications must be post paid.

33<sup>o</sup> POST MASTERS will send money for Subscribers to this paper, free of any expense.